

The Full Gamut

The Tangent

The D599 – Dusk
Lying on our backs,
On the cooling tarmac of a country road, we watched the stars,
We watched them fall.

And you made 36, I got as far as 49, before we laughed aloud
Raced back to the house again,
With no idea at all...
... of our own position in infinity

Beware of the promises of songs
When you know the road ahead can be so long,
As we watched the stars that night
We had no more idea of our plight,
Than an earthworm beneath the tripod
Of the surveyor's theodolite

Gothenburg
I'm standing on a stage in Sweden in the rain
But only see the sunlight from your face
It illuminates the faces that smile back from the crowd
We create the time, but you create the place
And the curtains are closing on this act of the play
Tomorrow it seems will be a different kind of day

Stay with me a while! – let me live this moment once or twice
Freeze Frame! – Magnify! – Do I see trouble in your eyes?
Have I just borne witness to the scars that you bear,
From my own pursuit of dreams that perhaps we don't share?

“Talk to me a while”, I'd plead, knowing all was said and done,
And that words alone can't change things, Not when the fighting's already be
gun,
We had a Utopian postcode and a Nirvanan phone,
But no-one was calling and we were left alone

Lying on our backs,
On the cooling tarmac of a country road, we watched the stars,
We watched them fall.
Lying to ourselves
In the quiet slumber of a foreign town
We let it slide
With no idea at all....
.... of our own position in infinity

Oh beware of the promises of songs
When the road ahead can be so long
For constructed poetic verse,
No matter how well-rehearsed
Can't fill in all the cavities
In the mouth that formed the curse

Last Tango
Studio Tan
There's a kind of comfort in the whirring of a fan,
The dimmed studio lights and turning counters.
The soundproofing a barrier to the hostile world outside,

It can carry on without us

But out there it's changing by the instant
And I'm in here on my own.

I kid myself that you are in here with me,
And you're speaking through me now,
That everything I do in here's for "US" not just for me
but I never could quite explain how

The room is empty,, or, the room is full
Inspiration comes and goes.... but
In the end we became each others tea-break
Togetherness was just supposed.

And inside I just never could see that
But out here it just seems so clear.

Not A Drill - A storm in the mountains of Cantal
We've had so much of trading insults
Oaths and vows are useless, like before
Petty thoughts and skeletons in closets
Are lying all across our wooden floor
And nothing we believe is sacred in our massive quest to hurt.

Everything we're good at is in question
Everything we've achieved is in the mire
And all we have is bile and sick, the ending just can't come too quick
All that we've created has to die
We rip ourselves apart and fall asleep exhausted by the strain

This is not a rehearsal
This is not a drill
Madness rides tonight, banners flying
And it's for real

They get stronger, while we get weaker... and no-one cares

Southend On Sea
I'm standing on a stage in England, blinded by the lights
Hard to even know you're there,
But inside I know the switches have been thrown in your mind
just a question of when and where

And all of these years I took for granted,
come on back now and whisper in my ears...
"I never thought twice.....
as blind as three mice"
But I never thought I'd be alone

The A1 North of Paris
It's time to bring the curtain down,
Time to say our final words,
I can feel it in my bones
I can feel it in my water

Traffic jams and French landscape flash by
Lost in a blur of deja vu
Still, I can't keep my fingers off
the self destruction buttons

And suddenly... it's happening!
I'm sliding into the void I built with you

My lifetime ahead is slipping away
My fingers are clawing but nothing seems any use

What we set in gear has meshed at last
Question marks hover over our past
like barrage balloons that wait over some
defended... terrified city

But through it all, I Love You still,
Yet only find spiteful, hurtful things to say,
We take the vow, we make the dive
and head for the exit without even knowing the way

Four Last Days
And the water turns to wine
And the wine turns into pills
And the pills turn into games
But the games are just cheap thrills

Beware of the promises of songs
When you know the road ahead can be so long,
And all my anger cannot move
Or even seek to disprove,
The need I have inside me,
For the love I lost, which can never be removed

The D599 and the A61 (Dusk)
Lying on our backs
A Thousand miles apart
At whatever moment
With synchronised hearts
We'll watch the stars
we'll watch them fall

And from whatever country it's still the same milky way
And I only can dream that maybe some day
We'll meet again